When The Lights Go Out

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/29820462.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Hannictober Challenge, Candles, Fluff, Romantic Fluff, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will is horny for Hannibal, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Short One Shot
Language:	English
Series:	Part 17 of Hannictober/Kinktober 2020 Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-03 Words: 567 Chapters: 1/1

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by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

It's their anniversary and the lights go out. They celebrate by candlelight.

Notes

Hannictober Day 17's prompt: Candles!
Enjoy <3

"Fuck", Will cursed, "I can't believe this."

They were in the living room, by the fireplace, when the light went out. Their faces were now being illuminated only by the fire. Hannibal got up, being followed by Will.

"Things like this happen, my love", Hannibal said in a calm tone. "I have some candles in the kitchen, we can light them and distribute them throughout the living room."

"I know, but", Will sighed, "it's our anniversary. How lucky are we", he laughed wryly.

"I consider myself quite lucky, Will", Hannibal smiled and took Will's hand, leading him to the kitchen. It was difficult to see in the dark, which occasioned in Will bumping on the counter, letting out a loud gasp, cursing. Hannibal laughed at it while searching for the candles in the drawers.

"This is going to get bruised", Will murmured, rubbing the spot he hurt.

"Don't worry, I'll kiss it better", Hannibal said, already holding the candles. Will blushed, but said nothing, used to Hannibal's words.

Soon they were putting the candles at various places in the living room. When they finished, it seemed enough for them to see their surroundings. Hannibal told Will to stay on the couch while he was going to catch an 'important thing'.

Will was distracted by the flames when Hannibal approached him again, stretching a glass of red wine.

"It's a special night, Will", Hannibal said and sat down next to him, who took a sip of the wine.

"Yes, indeed", Will finally smiled.

They drank slowly, close to each other, enjoying the romantic ambience caused by the candles, the warmth of the fireplace, their proximity. When Will finished his glass, he put it on a small table in front of the couch and leaned on his back. He turned his face to Hannibal, who had his eyes on the fireplace, taking the last sip of his wine.

Will noticed how Hannibal looked breathtaking, being illuminated by the candles. He looked like a beautiful statue, each detail on his face looking like it was sculpted by the most talented artist; his cheekbones and sharp jawline being accentuated by the play of light, the fire being reflected on his intense gaze, mesmerizing eyes; the nose, the mouth, like a strong and impenetrable marble, divine; a God.

Hannibal was taken by surprise when Will took his glass and put it on the table, next to his. Will got closer to him, touching his shirt - a white button shirt that looked magnificent on him - and clinging to it, bringing their faces closer for a kiss. Hannibal smirked before lifting his chin, kissing him slowly, feeling Will's body tremble slightly.

The kiss got deeper, ravenous, and soon Will was in Hannibal's lap, breathless.

"You make me so weak", Will whispered, hands on Hannibal's shoulders, staring at him.

"Then let me take care of you.”

"Please, take it."

Hannibal chuckled, licking his lips. He made Will lay down, getting between his legs.

It didn't take long for all their clothes to be on the floor. Hannibal kissed every inch of Will's body, especially the place he hurt before, and whispered how much he loved Will and how he couldn't believe they were having their third anniversary. The third of many that would come. They made love on the couch, by the light of the candles.

The flames were witnesses of their love and desire.

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